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## Serial Story No. 25

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The  
**Marathon Mystery**  
A Story of Manhattan

By **BURTON E. STEVENSON**  
Author of "The Holidaze Case"

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"Oh, I must see him!" she cried.

with a round face, who had been leaning against the cigar stand and who immediately came forward to meet us.

"I am Coroner Heffebower," he said, with an evident appreciation of his own importance. "I believe you are the gentlemen who represent Mr. Drysdale?"

"Mr. Lester here, of Graham & Royce, will represent Mr. Drysdale," explained Godfrey. "I am merely one of his friends."

"The likeliest, I believe, is not far from morning at 10 o'clock?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, though we shall hardly get to the evidence before afternoon. The morning will be spent in looking over the scene of the crime."

"I understand," said Godfrey with studied indifference, "that you have found the missing necklace?"

"The coroner flushed a little. Evidently this was a sore subject."

"No, sir," he answered, "we haven't found it. I had almost come to the conclusion that Drysdale took it into his pocket."

"But," I objected, "he'd hardly have committed a murder in order to gain possession of it only to throw it away."

"He would if my theory is right," returned the coroner, with some spirit.

"What is your theory?" I asked.

"No matter, no matter," he said, fairly blushing with self-importance. "You will see tomorrow."

Godfrey was looking at him, his eyes alight with mirth.

"I see," he broke in. "Accept my compliments, Mr. Heffebower. It is the only theory which fits the case. Don't you understand, Lester? Here's a young man of wealth, who deliberately goes out and kills a man, steals a necklace and throws it into the ocean. He attempts to establish no alibi; he refuses to answer questions; after the murder he rushes around in his room and breaks things; he insults the girl he's engaged to; quarrels with his best friend. Why, it's as plain as day! A man who would behave like that must be—"

"Crazy!" cried the coroner, beaming with satisfaction. "I could not have put the case better myself, sir!"

And Godfrey gravely bowed his thanks at the compliment.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HEFFEBOWER insisted that we join him in an appetizer, he had evidently jumped to the conclusion that Godfrey was a famous New York detective, and he gazed at him with respect and a little awe. He wanted to discuss again all the details of the tragedy, but we got rid of him after awhile and went in to dinner. Then we started toward the jail for a final talk with Drysdale. Another jailer had come on duty, but he made no difficulty about admitting us.

"Well?" asked the prisoner, as soon as we were alone.

"Oh," said Godfrey, regarding him with a good-humored smile, "you won't be electrocuted this time—though I must say you deserve it."

"What?" cried Drysdale, coloring suddenly. "You don't believe?"

"That you killed Graham? Oh, no; but you've made an unmitigated ass of yourself, my friend. Did you have a pleasant time Monday night kicking your heels by the hour together out at the pergo?"

Drysdale flushed again, but this time it was with anger.

"Oh, so she told you, did she?" he asked between his teeth. "I dare say you had a good laugh together over it?"

"Jack," said Godfrey calmly, "I protest you are becoming more and more amusing! Haven't you sense enough to see that that note—by the way, how was it delivered to you?"

"I found it on my dressing table when I came back from New York Monday evening. What are you driving at, Godfrey? If you've discovered anything, for God's sake, tell me straight out!"

"I've discovered an unusually large consignment of humble pie awaiting your consumption. You don't deserve a magnificent girl like that, Jack; I swear you don't. Do you remember your last words to her?"

"Yes," answered Drysdale, with a sudden flushing of the cheeks. "And she deserved them. She got me out of the house and spent the evening with Tremaine. It was an indirect way of telling me that she was tired of me. I'd suspected it before."

Godfrey looked at him pityingly.

"Really, Jack," he said, "I'm half inclined to think the coroner's right in his theory, after all."

"What is his theory?"

"He thinks you're crazy."

Drysdale laughed a little, mirthless laugh.

"Perhaps he's right," he said.

"You'll be sure of it in a few minutes. It's inconceivable that any man in his right mind should suspect a girl like Miss Crofton of such a thing."

Drysdale turned to him with eyes bright with emotion.

"See here, Jim," he said, "you've had your fun; you've tormented me long enough. Do you mean that Miss Crofton didn't write the note?"

"I mean just that."

"Then who did?"

"Tremaine!"

"What?" cried Drysdale, coloring suddenly. "You don't believe?"

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"Then who did?"

"Tremaine!"

The word brought Drysdale to his feet like a thunder clap.

"Do you mean," he demanded, gripping his hands tight behind him, "that Tremaine wrote the note and placed it in my room in order to get me out of the house?"

"I do."

"And that Miss Crofton knew nothing about it?"

"Not a thing. She was waiting for you in the house. She thought you'd deliberately broken an appointment you'd made with her."

Drysdale ground his teeth together and struck himself a savage blow in the chest.

"Good God," he groaned. "What a fool! What a perfect, muckle-headed fool!"

"Go on," laughed Godfrey. "Do it again—sneakcloth and ashes; you deserve it all."

"Deserve it! Do you think she'll ever forgive me?"

"I shouldn't if I were in her place," Godfrey assured him. "I'd think myself well rid of you. I shouldn't want to marry a blind."

Drysdale cursed himself to himself.

"Still," Godfrey added, "there's no telling what they'll do. Maybe, after this, you'll come nearer appreciating her as she deserves."

"Appreciating her?"

"You don't seem to have any curiosity as to how we're going to save that precious neck of yours," Godfrey observed.

"Oh, damn my neck! What do I care? Godfrey, I've got to get down on my knees—crawl in the dust!"

"That's it!" nodded Godfrey approvingly. "You've caught the idea. You ought to feel like an insect—a particularly small one. But I hardly believe the jailer will release you on your own recognizance. Maybe tomorrow, after the inquest, if everything goes well."

"Oh, tomorrow be hanged! I've got to see her right away, Jim! Don't there any way?"

He was pacing furiously up and down the cell, biting his nails, tearing his hair. Could Tremaine have seen him then he might have modified his estimate of him.

"There's no way," said Godfrey, "unless Miss Crofton herself should commit the inconceivable folly—hello, who's that?"

The outer door had been flung crashing back. There came a rush of feet down the corridor, a swish of skirts.

"Grace!"

It was Drysdale's voice and he stood there like a man struck suddenly to stone.

And she? I turned a little glady as I looked at her, at the shining eyes, at the quivering, smiling lips.

Godfrey had sprung instantly to his feet.



There came a rush of feet down the corridor, a swish of skirts.

"Come, Lester," he said, in a voice very gentle, as the jailer opened the cell door, "we must catch our train; we've business in New York."

Perhaps it was only my fancy that his step was not wholly steady as he went before me down the corridor.

(Continued on Monday)

**SEASIDE DANCE ENJOYED**

The farewell dance given at the Seaside last night in honor of the Los Angeles visitors was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to attend.

A goodly showing of local people added to the pleasures of the evening.

Between the dances the visitors strolled on the lawns and lanais, a feature not enjoyed even in beautiful southern California.

The dance will be a pleasant memory for the visitors to dream over on their homeward voyage.

**ART LEAGUE ENTERTAINS**

The Kihuna Art League entertained with a musical concert last night. The best musical talent in the city were engaged and a most enjoyable treat was given to all lovers of music. Both vocal and instrumental selections filled up the program and many a sigh was given when the last number was finished.

Over two hundred people were present.

The Art League will shortly talk over plans for a new home that will be all their own.

**Y. M. C. A. ENTERTAINS**

There was a reception given last night at the Y. M. C. A. hall in honor of the members who "joined on the seventh."

The halls were beautifully decorated with flags and bunting and legends appropriate to the occasion.

Singing by the Kanehahua Glee Club and an Indian club swinging were features of the entertainment.

Ice cream and cake wound up a most enjoyable evening.

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